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THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK:

OR, A

FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE,

AUTHOR OF TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN—SON-IN-LAW—DEAD ALIVE—AGREEABLE SURPRIZE—POSITIVE MAN—CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA—POOR SOLDIER—BIRTH-DAY; OR, PRINCE OF ARRAGON—FONTAINBLEAU; OR, OUR WAY IN FRANCE—THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—YOUNG QUAKER—PEEPING TOM—SIEGE OF CURZOLA—LOVE IN A CAMP; OR, PATRICK IN PRUSSIA—FARMER—PRISONER AT LARGE—HIGHLAND REEL—THE TOY—PHARO BANK, &c.—

DUBLIN:

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M DCC XC.

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SER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Baſſa (of Bagdad) -	Mr. DAVIES.
Crumpy (the Hunch-Back)	Mr. QUICK.
Croſs-Leg (the Taylor) -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Zebede (a Jew, the Purveyor)	Mr. REEVE.
Babouc, - - -	Mr. PAINTER.
Cadi, - - - -	Mr. EVATT.
Doctor Quinquina, - -	Mr. CUBIT.
Crank, - - -	Mr. BOOTH.
Abſalom (the Barber) -	Mr. MACREADY.
Boy, - - -	Mr. MILBURNE.
Dominique, - - -	Mr. ROCK.
Crier, - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Courier, - - -	Mr. LEDGER.

WOMEN.

Dora, - - -	Miſs ROWSON.
Juggy, - - -	Mrs. WEBB.

Janizaries, Mutes, Officers, Mob, Boy, &c.

Scene Bagdad.

Time, an Evening, Night and Morning.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Bashi (of Bagdad) -	Mr. DAVIES.
Cruncher (the Hunch-Back)	Mr. QUICK.
Crook-Leg (the Taylor) -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Zebede (a Jew, the Pawnbroker)	Mr. REEVE.
Barbour, - - -	Mr. PAINTER.
Cadi, - - - -	Mr. EVATT.
Doctor Quinquina, - -	Mr. CUBIT.
Cassi, - - - -	Mr. BOOTH.
Abdalem (the Barber) -	Mr. MACREADY.
Boy, - - - -	Mr. MILBURNE.
Dumbiedore, - - -	Mr. ROCK.
Crier, - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Cassier, - - -	Mr. LEGGER.

W O M E N.

Dora, - - -	Mrs ROWSON.
Judy, - - -	Mrs. WEBB.

Janizaries, Mutes, Officers, Mob, Boy, &c.

Scene Bagdad.

Time, an Evening, Night and Morning.

THE

LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Bagdat. The Baſſa's Palace in View.

ENTER ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

LET me give juſt one look at my bill of fare *(takes out a paper)* Let's ſee at which of the tradeſmen's ſhops do I firſt touch in my voyage, to lay in every delicacy for our grand entertainment *(horn ſounds without)* Eh! the courier with the diſpatches from Conſtantinople.

ENTER COURIER BLOWING HORN.

COURIER.

By'r leave! Letters for his Highneſs, one of the great Officers, to ——

ZEBEDE.

Stop, I am a great Officer, Prime Caterer to the Baſſa—he cou'dn't live without me, for I provide him his dinner every day.

COURIER.

Perhaps you've provided a dinner for me too.—A long poſt this laſt from *Rabba*—ſo I'll beat up your palace pantries if you'll give theſe two letters to Babouc the Aga, for his Highneſs the Baſſa. (*gives the letters, then runs off, blowing horn*)

ZEBEDE.

Babouc the Black-a moor! No; I will deliver them to his Highneſs myſelf, and that will ſhew my great care and diligence. (*Putting the letters into his pocket, drops one on the ground without knowing it*) Lie you there ſafe and ſnug; here comes my nephew, Abſalom—the villain is going to marry with a chriſtian womans, after my bringing him up ſo genteely; and binding him 'prentice to a barber. Ah, here's the raſcal, with the very dow'rleſs damſel, and that hungry beggarman, Croſs-Leg the taylor; I've a mind—but let me contain my paſſion.

ENTER ABSALOM AND DORA.

So, nephew Abſalom, you're about to marry?

ABSALOM.

Yes, Sir. (*bows*)

ZEBEDE.

And, Miſs Dora, you're going to be married?

DORA.

Yes, Sir. (*curtſies.*)

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

You have monies? (*to Abſalom*)

ABSALOM.

No, Sir.

ZEBEDE.

You bring a portion? (*to Dora*)

DORA.

No, Sir.

ZEBEDE.

Where do you eat your wedding ſupper?

ENTER CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

At my houſe.

ZEBEDE.

Is it bought?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes; when you give a little money to buy it.

ZEBEDE.

Oh! then *I'm* to buy it.

CROSS-LEG.

Will you—Gad, old Zebede's growing kind. (*Aſide.*) I thought you wou'd; none can do it better, as you're his Highneſs the Baſſa's Caterer; no man, in Bagdad, genteeler knows how to provide, and this is only a neat little bit of ſupper for a poor young couple and their few friends.

ZEBEDE.

Eh!

ABSALOM.

Yes, Sir, you know a poor couple have but few friends.

CROSS-LEG.

Now if you'd only take a pretty little walk (you ſee it's a very pleaſant evening) juſt round to the Baſſa's butcher, poulterer, fiſhmonger, confectioner, and wine merchant, and order us in a ſmall joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and a hamper of Cyprus wine; you, the generous founder, ſhall be toaſted in noble bumpers by us the grateful confounders.

ZEBEDE.

Thank'ee, Timothy Croſs Leg. Then as it is a very pleaſant evening, why I will take a pretty little walk, and deſire the poulterer, butcher, fiſhmonger, confectioner, and wine merchant——

DORA,

Good Sir!

ABSALOM.

Kind Uncle!

CROSS-LEG.

Moſt comfortable Caterer! } (all together)

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

If they've got a ſmall joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and an hamper of Cyprus wine, that they take particular care to——

DORA.

What good nature!

ABSALOM.

Generous Uncle!

CROSS-LEG.

Plentiful Purveyor!

(together)

ZEBEDE.

To keep them ſafe in their ſhops.

CROSS-LEG.

Eh!

ZEBEDE.

Then, my poor young couple, I wiſh you joy of your wedding ſupper. Ha! ha! ha! Eh! ſo you'll marry a Chriſtian, you wicked reprobate!

[*Exit.*

CROSS-LEG.

(*After a pauſe.*) Oh! I wiſh I had only an order from the grand Signor to ſew up your ugly mouth, I'd do it with as much pleaſure as ever I ſtitch'd a button-hole.

ABSALOM.

I'm not diſappointed.

CROSS-LEG.

So, becauſe your Uncle won't have you marry the daughter of a Chriſtian, and your ſtep-father won't let you have the ſon of a Jew, you muſt both ſtarve, poor things! You ſhan't this night, however, for a wedding ſupper you ſhall have, though I pawn my gooſe for the price of it. Heark'ee—has n't Father Anſelm, the Armenian Friar, promiſed to marry you?

ABSALOM.

Appointed Dora and I to come to his cell, by the Fountain of Palms, at eight.

CROSS-LEG.

Then go you, boy, and dreſs in your beſt; Dora ſhall meet you there. As ſhe cannot go home to her father's, my wife, Juggy, ſhall trick her out nicely. There they'll conſult about the cookery. Tol, lol, lol! Courage, my young folks. Come Dora!

DORA.

Then, my dear Abſalom, don't let us be caſt down by the cruelty of thoſe who ſhould be kind to us. True love is the beſt of good chear!

CROSS-LEG.

You ſhall have ſomewhat more ſubſtantial, I warrant! My Juggy will toſs us up a comfortable morſel, without the help of—Hang me if I ſhould think a chriſtian

chriſtian wedding lucky, if the ſupper was provided by a Jew. Ha! ha! ha! clear up, I am but a poor taylor to be ſure, but an honeſt mind is my workſhop; there Content ſings all day to the muſic of a good Conſcience.

[*Exeunt Croſs-Leg and Dora.*

ABSALOM.

It goes curſedly againſt my ſpirit to lay all the expences of my wedding on my honeſt friend the taylor! What to do now to raiſe but a little money. Oh! for a few beards to mow, even at an aſper a chin. If I—What's this (*looking on the ground, takes the letter up which Zebede dropt. Reads the ſuperſcription*) "For his Highneſs the Baſſa of Bagdad," trod under foot. Now if I could deliver this letter to the Baſſa myſelf, he'd probably give me a reward ſufficient to defray the charges of my wedding. How the deuce ſhall I get admiſſion though? My old Uncle has always kept me at ſuch a diſtance, that I'm not even known at the palace, and the attendants there are ſo ſaucy—No, they'll never let a poor ſtrange barber paſs the antichamber. (*Crumpy ſings without*) Odſo! here comes little Crumpy, the Baſſa's favourite Hunch-back jeſter; he's a good-natur'd fellow; and from my ſaving him from a beating in the ſtreet quarrel, that his jokes brought him into the other night—If I could prevail on him—he has high intereſt at court, and—(*Enter Crumpy ſinging and dancing*) How do you do, Mr. Crumpy?

CRUMPY.

Fellow! (*proudly, but changes on recollecting Abſalom*) Ha! my gay ſpirited—my little finger (*holds out his hand*) don't ſlip my ring off. Your proweſs in that re-encounter, when thoſe villains attacked me the other night, ſaved—Did you ever ſee the like?

The

The fellows thresh'd me as if I was a wheat-sheaf; had I the lives of seven cats they'd have hammered them out; for there I lay like a little anvil, and the rascals laid on me like so many Cyclops, turn'd me about as if I was a three-penny nail—only for your passing by just at the nick, those ruffians would have broke my bones. Yes, they'd have crack'd my ivory; their heads were so hard, and their fists so heavy, that my great wit and little body—Oh dear!

ABSALOM.

Going to the palace, I presume, Sir?

CRUMPY.

Ay, his Highness has got into a merry mood, and just sent for me.

ABSALOM.

Then, Sir, that horse with the fine trappings, that I saw the slaves take by just now, was to carry you to court?

CRUMPY.

Yes; they had the insolence to think I'd peck upon a poney; but if I must ride to court, it shall be on an elephant.

ABSALOM.

Certainly, Sir.

CRUMPY.

By virtue of my high office, lord chief justice joker, I am obliged, when called upon, to be provided with some comical story to divert him, entre nous, though my wit is as ready as any man's, I am sometimes plaguily

plaguily put to it; but as I'm determined to keep my place, to pick up novelty and character, I get upon thoſe night rambles in the ſtreet, which often, with a little of my ingenuity in dreſſing up, furniſh a good merry tale or pleaſant incident for the Baſſa to laugh at the next morning.

ABSALOM.

I thought, Sir, you ſtateſmen were too wiſe to laugh?

CRUMPY.

He that's wiſe enough to refuſe a good hearty laugh in this world, will be curſedly bob'd, if there ſhould be no laughing in the next. Here he has ſent for me now, takes me a little unprovided, ſo I'll go make my bow, and retire.

ABSALOM.

What a prodigious favourite you are, Sir?

CRUMPY.

Ay, ay; the Circaſſian beauties dance ambaſſadories; black, blue and yellow pay compliments; courtiers ſmile, cringe and tell lies, but no life at court without little Crumpy *(ſings and dances)*. Oh, barber, could you ſupply me with a decent, faſhionable, flouriſhing whiſker?

ABSALOM.

Why, Sir, you've a very handſome pair already.

CRUMPY.

Only one real, t'other was pluck'd off by the roots in that affray; this is falſe, a favourite lock fell from the

the forehead of a celebrated beauty at the laſt ball, I pick'd it up, and ſtuck it on with a little gum, and it graces the lip of her humble admirer. Ha! ha! ha!

ABSALOM.

How gallant!

CRUMPY.

Yet the courtiers ſmil'd, the ladies tee-hee'd, but *bon ſoir*—I ſhould not wonder, if the circumſtance gave birth to an order of knighthood, and the black eagle and golden fleece give way to the knights of the whiſker.

ABSALOM.

Ha! ha! ha! Sir, I've a letter here for the Baſſa, and—

CRUMPY.

A petition? Give it me; I'll deliver it into his Highneſs's own hand?

ABSALOM.

Ah, Sir, if you'd only procure me the honour of laying it at his Highneſs's own feet?

CRUMPY.

You ſerv'd me; I will be grateful; you ſhall have an audience; come along, my noble ſhaver.

(going)

ABSALOM.

Ay, but will his Highneſs condeſcend to liſten to ſo poor a fellow as I?

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

What, don't you know our Baſſa has travelled through Europe, been at the Engliſh court, whoſe king has been the model for all his nobleſt actions, like their gracious monarch, the father of his people, he is above the little conſideration of the colour of a face, or the ſod where a man firſt drew breath, when diſtreſs is to be relieved or merit rewarded.

ABSALOM.

But, Sir, if any of the grand officers in waiting ſhould ſtop me?

CRUMPY.

What! when I take you by the hand?

ABSALOM.

Theſe court eunuchs are ſuch great men—

CRUMPY.

They great men! the raſcals, ſlaves, ah, hah; trip, ſkip; come, tol, lol, lol. *(Exit ſinging and dancing, Abſalom follows, admiring him).*

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Antichamber of the Palace.

ENTER ZEBEDE AND HABBY MEETING.

ZEBEDE.

(Greatly diſtreſſed) Oh, ruin, Habby! I'm undone, for ever.

HABBY.

Hey, what's the matter, maſter?

ZEBEDE.

I have loſt (I don't know how) one of the letters the courier gave me for the Baſſa. Oh, I ſhall loſe my place that I have held ſo long with credit. I have been prime Purveyor to him, ay, fifteen years next Pentecoſt.

HABBY.

But this truſt, how diſcharge?

ZEBEDE.

Diſcharg'd, you dog! I have charg'd and over charg'd; take that, you ſcoundrel. *(ſtrikes him.)*

HABBY.

What's that for?

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

You, my clerk, throw out your inuendo's againſt my honeſty when you ſee me diſtreſſed and enrag'd—get out of my ſight.

HABBY.

(Aſide.) Good maſter, I'll give you a blow worth two of this.

[*Exit.*

ZEBEDE.

Oh, this letter; what will become of me? If I confeſs I loſt it, I may not only loſe my place but my life too. I will deny that I did receive any letters; and, even if the courier do ſay he did give me them, my word will be taken before his oath: yes, that will ſave me; 'tis a good thought.

ENTER BABOUC ATTENDED.

BABOUC.

Zebede, the Baſſa deſires his letters; he'd learn if ———

ZEBEDE.

His Highneſs wants to learn his letters.

BABOUC.

His diſpatches, the expreſs.

ZEBEDE.

Well, expreſs.

BABOUC.

Pſha; the letters for him?

ZEBEDE.

Me; I did get no letters for him.

BABOUC.

No! Why his Highneſs himſelf ſaw from his window the courier give them to you.

ZEBEDE.

The devil! what eyes he has got! he ſaw! I quite forgot, my memory is diſtracted with my accompts and marketings. Lord—yes, here they are—What ſhall I do (*aſide*).

ENTER ABSALOM, LOOKING ABOUT.

ABSALOM.

I wiſh Mr. Crumpy would come on, I'm afraid to ———

ZEBEDE.

My nephew! how dare you put your face into the palace? You graceleſs vagabond.

BABOUC.

Go, go, friend; what brings you here?

ABSALOM.

No; I have buſineſs.

ZEBEDE.

You buſineſs, you impudent—

BABOUC.

Guards, thruſt him out.

(*Slaves attempt it. Crumpy within*)

CRUMPY.

Very well; you may all depend upon my influence and intereſt.

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

Do ſtand out of the way, fellow. Here comes the Baſſa's firſt favourite, and if he ſees ſuch ſhabby rogues as you here, he'll order you to the whipping poſt.

ENTER CRUMPY SINGING, BUT WITH GREAT CONSEQUENCE.

CRUMPY.

Eh! what noiſe is here? Babouc, I'll have none of theſe doings.

BABOUC.

Sir, my ſtation and rank demands—

CRUMPY.

Rank! don't I allow you to be the greateſt black in the palace? Ha! my good friend, I aſk you millions of pardons for making you wait. *(to Abſalom.)*

ZEBEDE.

Eh! good friend! *(ſurpriſed)* How did my nephew do this! *(aſide)*

ABSALOM.

Sir! *(to Crumpy)*

CRUMPY.

Come, come along! Fling open the folding doors there. I proteſt a man has ſcarce room to paſs. Come. *(to Abſalom)*

ABSALOM.

Yes, Sir, but theſe gentlemen may have ſome objections.

CRUMPY.

Gentlemen! Give me your hand. *(takes Abſalom's hand)* Room there, ye ſlaves—ſtand by.

BABOUC.

Room there for Mr. Crumpy.

[*Exit Crumpy with great importance, and Abſalom.*

You muſt ſtop, Zobede, till Mr. Crumpy has his audience.

ZEBEDE.

And my poor raſcally nephew. Dear me, what is all this?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A magnificent Apartment in the Palace.

ENTER BASSA AND BABOUC.

BABOUC.

Zebede is bringing your Highneſs the diſpatches from Conſtantinople.

BASSA.

Oh, Babouc! happy is the wife of a Baſſa whoſe government is at a diſtance from the ſublime Port, and good was my friend, the Vizier, to appoint me Baſſa of Bagdad. While the ſeraglio there is diſtracted with cabal and faction; here, an Emperor in epitome, I enjoy all the pleaſures of peace and ſecurity, my nod gives death, and my ſmiles preferment? have you ordered the dance, the banquet, and ſent for my little Hunch-back Jeſter? My ſoul, and every ſenſe, are this evening devoted to laugh, love, and joy. (*Crumpy ſings without*)

BABOUC.

Here is Crumpy, pleaſe your Highneſs.

BASSA.

Approach, my man of whim and frolick.

CRUMPY.

(*Without*) Stand aſide, make way there.

BASSA.

Ha! ha! ha! he has got introducing ſome of the Meſopotamian Plenipo's.

ENTER CRUMPY, WITH GREAT IMPORTANCE, TAKES A SWEEP ROUND, PUTS THE OFFICERS AND SLAVES ASIDE.

CRUMPY.

Room—hem! Sir, permit me the honour of introducing to your Highneſs this moſt magnificently—magnanimous—Come in, Barber.

ENTER ABSALOM.

BASSA.

Impertinence! your office is to pleaſe; a ſtep beyond that and you offend, remember, Crumpy——

CRUMPY.

I wiſh you'd remember Crumpy when there's a good place to give away.

BASSA.

Leave me!

CRUMPY.

When I go I ſhan't take you with me; this humble barber comes with an humble petition.

BASSA.

A petition, I were indeed unworthy of the luxuries of life myſelf, did I loſe an opportunity of diffuſing the comforts of it to all around me—What's your grievance? (*Abſalom, kneeling, delivers the letter*)

CRUMPY.

That's his grievance, and he delivers it to your Highneſs.

BASSA.

How came you by this? the grand Vizier's hand!

ABSALOM.

ABSALOM.

Sir, I found it in the ſtreet.

CRUMPY.

Yes, Sir, the grand Vizier's hand was at a poor barber's foot.

BASSA.

(*Reads*) "The joys of a long and happy life attend my dear Abdallah, the ſucceſs of our Ruſſian and Auſtrian enemy has ſet Conſtantinople in a clamour againſt the chriſtians, the rumour of your partiality for this ſect has reach'd the Emperor, who, to appeaſe the Divan, was compell'd to ſend you the dreadful letter you receive with this."—Eh! this is part of the diſpatch the courier gave Zebede for me; how careleſs muſt he have been to loſe it! (*aſide*) (*reads*) "The orders for your death, contain'd in that mandate, being merely a matter of ſtate policy, you may ſafely diſobey, your mind may be ſatisfied, as I incloſe you the copy of your pardon; but the conditions are, that in future, you treat the chriſtians under your government with the utmoſt rigour.

"Your friend for ever,

"SELIM, VIZIER."

Yes; Zebede drop'd this; and here, hadn't it been found by the mereſt accident—Had I received only the other, from what I imagine the contents to be, my life was gone (*Aſide*) Ah! you have done me a ſignal ſervice! (*to Abſalom*)

CRUMPY.

Eh! What's that?

BASSA.

You found this letter in the ſtreet?

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Yes, Sir, he found it in the ſtreet, upon my honour! Did you?

ABSALOM.

Yes, my Lord, and thought it my duty to deliver it to your Highneſs.

CRUMPY.

Of ſuch conſequence! then I'll come in for my ſhare (*aſide*). Yes, my Lord, I thought it my duty to ſee it delivered to your Highneſs; the young man here was for running back in a vaſt hurry to finiſh dreſſing a lady, daughter of a grand French merchant; but, ſays I, man alive, never mind her; bring this to the Baſſa directly: for, my Lord, ſays I, is the moſt generous, liberal, prince-conditioned—he won't matter what he gives you and I for this piece of ſervice. Well, Sir, he would go, I inſiſted he ſhould come; he brandiſhes his curling tongs; I whip'd out my ſabre, tuck'd him under my arm, and in five ſtrides of a game cock, daſh'd into the palace, cut, kick'd, ſhuffled and elbow'd my way through the guards, mutes, janizaries.—Here I have brought him, while poor mademoiſelle waits, her hair half papered, half friz'd, fretting like an affronted porcupine, ha! ha! ha!

BASSA.

For which the three firſt requeſts you make, if in my power, I grant them (*to Abſalom*).

CRUMPY.

Oh, Sir, I thank you, hem!—you'll grant us our three firſt requeſts!—So, here we have a brace and a half of promiſes from a Lord; but one performance we'll get the Lord knows when!

BASSA.

Here (*to ſlaves*) take this young man (*pointing to Abſalom*) cloath him ſplendidly.

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Aye, take me, and cloath me ſplendidly.

BASSA.

You! it's the—

CRUMPY.

Pſha!—His Highneſs calls me young man; you know he's always complimenting me.

BASSA.

And let my treaſurer inſtantly pay him down 1000 zingerlees.

CRUMPY.

My good, bountiful Lord!—it is really too much! 3000 is full ſufficient for me.

BASSA.

You! (*ſmiling*) I mean——

CRUMPY.

I know you mean every thing that's good for me. As to the ſplendour of the robes, the more gold lace the better; they'll fit me: and I have a little bag for the 5000 zingerlees. Come along barber, you ſhall have a hundred and fifty for your trouble; and the reſt ſhall reſt with me.

BASSA.

Why, I mean it all for—

CRUMPY.

Me. I know it—but I will be generous—I will give the lad the fifty, as I ſaid I would—Come, I am good myſelf, and I do good; but till I am big myſelf I will be good for little. Shaver, follow me.

[*Exeunt Crumpy, Abſalom, and officers.*

BASSA.

Finding this letter was a moſt fortunate circumſtance! Yes, here's my pardon (*looking at a paper that he had taken from the letter*) the conditions of it, ſeverity to the Chriſtians. Perſecution is againſt my nature;

nature; but to diſobey, would be ingratitude to my prince. I'll do it by proclamation through the city, order the Cadi here, ha! ha! ha! Here comes Zebede. How will he bring himſelf off for loſing this! as yet I don't think he knows it has been brought to me.

ENTER ZEBEDE, BOWING.

ZEBEDE.

This letter for your Highneſs. (*gives it.*)

BASSA.

From Conſtantinople, ſigned by the Emperor himſelf.—Ay, this is the dreadful mandate; but now it brings no terrors (*aſide*). (*Reads*) "Truſty and "well-beloved, greeting: We do command you, "that within three hours after the receipt of this, "you have yourſelf ſtrangled; but firſt leave orders "for your head to be cut off—and ſent to us This "fail not to do, on pain of our high diſpleaſure." Ha! ha! ha!

ZEBEDE.

Well; I did not think that ſtrangling and beheading was ſo good a joke.

BASSA.

Yes; he does not know that I am in poſſeſſion of this other letter, that countermands this order. (*reads*) "Given at our Sublime Port, 1167th year of the "Hegira, ACHMET."

Since my Emperor thinks I ſhould die, I obey, (*kiſſes the letter*) and this night I ſup with Mahomet—to try my very careful ſteward (*aſide*). I'll firſt ſettle my worldly affairs, inſtantly prepare your accounts for my inſpection.

ZEBEDE.

Oh! the devil! I have cheated him ſo damnably that my head goes off, if he finds out my rogueries (*aſide*). Sir, you'd beſt think of nothing now but obeying

obeying the Emperor's command, he may be angry, indeed; he ſays, inſtantly ſend me your head, on pain of our high diſpleaſure.

BASSA.

Now I'll put his fidelity to the full proof (*aſide*) I am ſurpriſed my friend the Vizier would not interpoſe in my behalf, not even to condole or comfort me. Pray was there no other letter came with this?

ZEBEDE.

No; as I am an honeſt man, this is all the letter I got—Except the one I dropp'd (*aſide*).

BASSA.

Then I muſt die!

ZEBEDE.

Do, my Lord, it will prove your great loyalty, and your readineſs to oblige the Grand Signior, dear, yes, my Lord, and here your Lordſhip may have all done in your own houſe, ſo comfortable every thing; all the conveniencies of death here within yourſelf; your own truſty mutes, with a fine ſoft ſilk ſtring, will choak you ſo gently; and then you have your own faithful black Babouc, with his ſhining ſcimeter of Damaſcus too—he'll ſlive off your head I warrant; he'll do it ſo neatly, that you'll never ſay after, Babouc, you did hurt me that time. I'll order them to prepare (*going*).

BASSA.

But, my good ſteward, prepare your own accounts, I'll look over your book.

ZEBEDE.

Oh! the devil! then Babouc will have the firſt ſlice at my head (*aſide*).

BASSA.

I'll leave a fair name behind me; bring hither your accounts.

ZEBEDE.

Oh! my dear lord, you and your head are old acquaintance, and ſince you're ſo ſoon to part for ever, at ſuch a time don't think of troubling it with my fooliſh totums of ſugar, rice, coffee, ſoap, and candles. You mutes, you miniſters of death prepare (*ſpeaking to the officers*).

BASSA.

Prepare ſupper (*ſuddenly changes to ſprightlineſs*).

ZEBEDE.

You forget your Highneſs was engaged to ſup above with Mahomet.

BASSA.

Ha! ha! ha! Why no; I'll ſend him an apology?

ZEBEDE.

Apology!

BASSA.

Ay, and you ſhall take it.

ZEBEDE.

Me!

BASSA.

Or ſuppoſe, Zebede, you go ſup with him in my ſtead?

ZEBEDE.

Thank you, Sir; but I eat no ſupper now-a-days.

BASSA.

Refuſe the honour of ſupping above with our great prophet!

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDEA

'Tis a great honour, but I'd rather eat even a pork chop here below, than partake of the fineſt feaſt that was ever prepar'd above for Mahomet's table.

BASSA.

(*Changing to firm reſentment*) Where's the other letter you received for me.

ZEBEDE.

Ruin'd! Somebody's told him. (*aſide, and terrified*). Oh! mercy, my lord; as I hope for heaven I dropt it out of my pocket.

BASSA.

Then heaven ſhall be your reward; firſt for your negligence of ſuch a precious charge, next your perfidy in denying you received it. Diſpatch him. (*to mutes*)

ZEBEDE.

Oh! Lord! where, where is this letter?

BASSA.

Here (*ſhews it*) brought to me by my guardian angel.

ENTER CRUMPY, ELEGANTLY DRESSED.

CRUMPY.

Ay; brought to him by me and his other—You ſee what a pair of fine angels we are. Come, my friend—

BASSA.

Perform your duty (*to the mutes, who ſeize Zebede, he drops on his knees*)

ZEBEDE.

Oh! ſave my life!

ENTER ABSALOM, RICHLY HABITED.

ABSALOM.

My uncle in the hands of the mutes! Dread Lord, I claim as one of the three requeſts you promis'd me. Whatever be his crime pardon it.

CRUMPY.

Half the promiſes were mine; ſo let him be half choak'd.

ABSALOM.

Hold.

CRUMPY.

Be quiet; his crime deserves death. Pray what has he done, my Lord? (*to Bassa*)

ZEBEDE.

This my nephew! (*looking with surprise at Absalom's dress*).

BASSA.

The important service of bringing me that letter, lost by his negligence, has a claim much beyond that promise. Live (*to Zebede: the mutes quit him*)

ZEBEDE.

Gracious Highness (*with great joy*) Oh! my dear nephew—you damn'd scoundrel; what, did you give him the letter? (*apart*) my beloved lad, you have sav'd my life—I'll hang you; you pick'd my pocket, you thief. (*apart*).

BASSA.

Instantly let me see your accounts; then quit my service and my sight for ever.

[*Exeunt Bassa and attendants.*

[*Exit Zebede, on the opposite side, with a revengeful look at Absalom.*

CRUMPY.

Now, why would you interfere? One little squeeze of the bow-string would have done no harm to a Jew.

ABSALOM.

What brought my uncle into this scrape?

CRUMPY.

Your's! Well, I wou'dn't suffer such a rogue to be an uncle of mine, even my father—tho' according to the present state of things, no man can be born before his

his father; yet if mine was a bad man, I'd diſinherit him, I would by—he's as great a little old robber—Since now you've money, damn it, never own ſuch a raſcally relation. I and my guitar are tun'd for a frolic. I muſt ſally now into the ſtreets in ſearch of a night adventure, to lay in a morning's hearty laugh for the Baſſa. You'll come. When I'm in my joking humour I like to have one in company that's able to fight for me. I can fight myſelf, but I'd as lief let it alone. Indeed I have never been matched; bigger than myſelf won't fight me; leſs than myſelf I ſcorn to fight; and a man exactly my own ſize muſt be ſuch a microcoſm, ſuch a neat picture of perfection, that I could not find in my heart to hurt him. Come.

ABSALOM.

I'm engag'd. Near my time to meet Dora at the Friar's, and then to ſupper with the taylor. (*aſide*)

CRUMPY.

Nay, do come, boy.

ABSALOM.

You muſt excuſe me to-night—Every expence poor Croſs-Leg may be at, I am now able to reimburſe. (*aſide*) Good bye, generous Sir, I humbly thank you for the honour you have procur'd me.

CRUMPY.

Aye, but don't, like other great men, forget the friend that raiſed you; ſo as I'm going to-night upon perhaps ſome dangerous frolick, if in your walks you ſhould find any hard fiſts rais'd over my fine head, remember, my brave barber, my ſword and ſhield are your razor and baſon. Tol! lol! lol! (*ſings and dances*)

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A STREET; CROSS-LEG'S HOUSE NEAR THE FRONT; TOWARDS THE BACK, THE DOCTOR'S AND ZEBEDE'S. LATE IN THE EVENING, A TUMULTUOUS HUZZAING WITHOUT.

ENTER CADI WITH OFFICERS, CRIER, AND A GREAT MOB; ZEBEDE AND CROSS-LEG, WITH A BASKET, FOLLOWING.

CADI.

CRIER, proclaim the proclamation.

CRIER.

"All take notice, by order of his Highneſs the "Baſſa. Any Chriſtian who offends a Muſſulman "ſhall receive the baſtinado; and death if he kills "one, even by chance."

ZEBEDE.

(*Apart to Croſs-Leg*) Ah! ha! Did you hear that, maſter Croſs-Leg!

CRIER.

"Take notice, That any Jew who kills a Muſſul-"man ſhall be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high."

CROSS-LEG.

(*Apart to Zebede*) Did you hear that, old Zebede (*Zebede ſneaks into his houſe*)

CADI.

CADI.

Now to the market-place, and the four gates.

[*Exeunt all, mob huzzaing.*

CROSS-LEG.

What could have wrought this ſudden change in the Baſſa, he that was always ſuch a friend to the Chriſtians to begin now to perſecute us! Yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm glad the Jews are included for ſake of that old arch knave Zebede. Wife, Juggy, Juggy. (*calls and knocks at the door*) Hang'd! I ſhall dread to take up my ſhears to make a meaſure, for fear they ſhould take an affidavit I'm going to ſnip off their noſes. My prentice-boy is a Muſſulman, and if I ſhould kick him, though I even caught him cribbing my cabbage, I'm lug'd before the Cadi, and baſtinado'd with my own laſhoard.—My wife is ſo buſy preparing our ſupper, that I fancy ſhe hasn't heard me (*knocks loud*). Abſalom and Dora by this time are married, and if they bring the jolly father, Anſelm, with them, I've got a glaſs of good wine here (*pointing to his baſket*) It's neceſſary; for this plaguy proclamation has let down my ſpirits, and taken away my appetite—dangerous to be in the ſtreet! Now if we had all our little company ſafe within the walls of my caſtle, and ſome merry fellow to tickle the guitar, while I tune up my ſmall pipes in a chearful ſong, I'd lock my doors for the night, and we'd all be as ſnug as the lady in the lobſter (*Crumpy ſings without*). What's yonder! a Muſſulman! I'll get out of his way (*knocks very loud at his door*)—Deafen this wife of mine. Juggy!

(*calls, Juggy opens the door*)

JUGGY.

Now, huſband, what kept you ſo long?

CROSS-LEG.

I ſay, wife, what kept you ſo long?

ENTER CRUMPY, AT THE SIDE, AND PLAYING ON HIS GUITAR.

CRUMPY.

Oh! honeſt friend!

CROSS-LEG.

As you ſay, Sir, it's a very fine night; heaven ſave the firmament!

(goes into his door, and ſhuts it haſtily)

CRUMPY.

What the devil's the matter with all the Chriſtians and Jews I meet in the ſtreet? I frighten them away, as if I was ſome hob-goblin! Even the pretty girls trip from me, that us'd to take ſuch pleaſure in liſt'ning to my guitar, laughing at my jokes, and throwing up their veils to caſt languiſhing ogles on my comely perſon—Nobody, (*looking about*) zounds! I begin to deſpair of an adventure—Though by my office, I'm privileged to ſay what I pleaſe, yet the character of jeſter is difficult to ſupport. He! he! he! my introducing the barber into his preſence was rather lucky; yet, damn it, I've got ſome how flat—being obliged to tell the ſame ſtory three times over, and my patron is always gaping for new jokes, like boys at bob-cherry—Eh! for a nice neat ſtory to hive for the Baſſa, ſpick and ſpan!—I'd venture a few knocks o'the pate, or even get into a hobble for one—but, zounds!—I can meet with no living being, except our Turks, and they're ſo muz'd with their betel and opium—my only gig is amongſt Jews and Chriſtians—none can I meet—the devil!—I can't make fun out of the poſts and

window-ſhutters! I'll try if my inſtrument can't draw ſome company about me; if it's only a few cocks and hens. (*ſits on a bench at Croſs-Leg's door and plays, Croſs-Leg opens a window and peeps*)

CROSS-LEG.

A rare muſician! if he wasn't a Muſſulman I'd—but it's now ſo dangerous even to talk to one, for fear of giving the leaſt offence. Ha! ha! ha!—I ſhould like to invite him in, his guitar would add ſuch life to our little entertainment (*aſide*)—(*Crumpy plays*) Oh! ſweet!—I think as we are all ſuch quiet folks, there's no danger of a quarrel to bring us under the penalty of the proclamation—I'm ſtrongly tempted to venture—Juggy, come here and liſten—ſhe is ſo buſy dreſſing ſupper—Ecod! I'll aſk him in; I'll try his temper firſt, and if he's good-humour'd, there'll be no fear of—— (*throws a flower pot on Crumpy*)

CRUMPY.

Hey!

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! in trying his patience, I have try'd his ſkull!

CRUMPY.

Lucky I've ſo many yards of muſlin in my turban!

CROSS-LEG.

Sir, I aſk pardon, I thought nobody was there.

CRUMPY.

No body—Yes, Sir, and pray mind there's ſome head here—Ha! ha! ha!—My friend, do you know you've made me laugh?

CROSS-LEG.

Well, I'd take two knocks on my pate before you could make me laugh ſo—

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

I'm laughing to think, that if my head had been a glaſs bottle, what a clatter you'd have made about my ears.

CROSS-LEG.

Sir, I only intended to clear it for freſh flowers in the morning.

CRUMPY.

Ha! ha! ha! All wet! You rogue, you muſt have ſtain'd my veſt.

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! my dear Sir!—If you'd only light enough to ſee my ſign, you'd find that Croſs-Leg, the taylor, has done no fault but what he can eaſily rectify.

CRUMPY.

A taylor!—Oh, oh!—then you ſpoil people's cloaths for the good of trade. Ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir. Ha! ha! ha! And ſince you take my blunder in ſuch good humour, if you'll only ſend me the ſtuff, I ſhall be proud to make you a new veſt for nothing; and then—Sir, your guitar is moſt melodious.

CRUMPY.

Is it? (*plays*)

CROSS-LEG.

Beautiful! He's ſo good-natur'd too!—I think no harm can come of aſking him in (*aſide*)—Sir, worthy Sir! we've an humble wedding here to-night, and if you'll honour us with your agreeable company, and partake of our little ſupper, you'll make us the happieſt of folks?

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Ha! ha! ha! I delight in a wedding; the pleasantry of the occasion draws out my jokes, like patty-colour'd ribbons from a juggler's mouth—I'll engage I'll set every lad's wish agog to be a bridegroom, and make the bride laugh, without bringing a blush into her face! Pray who's to be married?

CROSS-LEG.

A poor, but very honest lad, Sir; one Absalom.

CRUMPY.

A barber!—my intimate friend!

CROSS-LEG.

You a friend to my friend Absalom!—Stop a moment, my dear Sir—Jugg—a light. (*retires*)

CRUMPY.

Ha! ha! ha! but, zounds! don't tread down your house, through your hurry to let me into it—but never mind, with a pack of cards I'll build as good—I hope no wind will rise till I get out again—I'll sing here, curse me if I venture to dance—Ha! ha! ha! Absalom going to be married!—Sly rogue! wou'dn't tell me!—but I find the taylor don't know of the barber's good fortune, by my means.

ENTER CROSS-LEG (FROM THE HOUSE.)

CROSS-LEG.

Do, Sir, please to walk in—we expect Absalom and his bride every moment from the Friar's—You'll have a so-so supper, but a hearty welcome—We've only got a bit of fish, Sir, as it's Friday.

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Never talk! I'd ſup with my friend upon the fin of a herring—if any fun ſhould offer here, I'd make the moſt of it. (*aſide*)

CROSS-LEG.

Pray ſtep in, Sir—Pleaſe to ſtoop, Sir, my door is low.

CRUMPY.

And we tall fellows—hem!

CROSS-LEG.

Juggy, hold the light (*they go in, and the door ſhuts*) (*within*) up ſtairs, Sir—this way, Sir—have a care, there's an ugly turn—

CRUMPY.

(*Within*) All very well! How do you do, Ma'am? Ha! ha! ha!

ENTER ABSALOM AND DORA.

ABSALOM.

The facetious father Anſelm has kept us ſo long, that poor Croſs-Leg's ſupper will—

ENTER HABBY, FROM ZEBEDE'S.

HABBY.

I think that's Abſalom's voice?

DORA.

Where are you, my love?

ABSALOM.

So dark, I can ſcarce diſtinguiſh the taylor's door. Oh, here!

HABBY.

HABBY.

Abſalom!

ABSALOM.

That Habby—Ha, my boy—What, my uncle's gone to bed, and you are come to ſup with us (*joyful*)

HABBY.

Huſh!—are you marry'd?

ABSALOM.

Yes.

HABBY.

Then all's ſafe—I've engag'd the mate of an Engliſh tartane, that now lies in the Tygris, to take us to one of their factories, and thence for Europe by their next ſhips—So to lay in a little ſea ſtore, Abſalom, you ſtep with me to your uncle's, I've ſomething there for you.—Dora, do you ſneak into your ſtep father's, the Doctor's, and pick up there what you can.

ABSALOM.

I thought I had made my fortune to-day; but Crumpy ſeizing the Baſſa's two other promiſes, makes it neceſſary to get a little more caſh; but the taylor is waiting ſupper for us

HABBY.

Never mind his ſupper. Come, buſineſs—plague!—

DORA.

But, my love, if we part now, when, where and how ſhall I meet you?

HABBY.

Leave all that to me.—Softly!

ABSALOM.

My deareſt! (*kiſſes her hand*)

HABBY.

Fooliſh!—You'll have time enough for kiſſing. Go, (*to Dora*). Come—

[*Exeunt. Dora into Doctor's, and Abſalom and Habby into Zebedé's.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

INSIDE OF CROSS-LEG'S.

(Turkiſh boy brings on a table, lays cloth, &c. and goes off.)

ENTER CROSS-LEG, CRUMPY AND JUGGY.

(LAUGHING)

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

JUGGY.

That's the handſomeſt ſong, Sir, I ever heard.

CRUMPY.

Then you like my ſinging?

CROSS-LEG.

Much.

CRUMPY.

So do I. Ha! ha! ha!

JUGGY.

What comical things you jokers ſay.

CRUMPY.

Jokers ſhould ſay comical things.

JUGGY.

And you can dance—do Sir, pray—

CRUMPY.

Dance! pray excuſe me?

JUGGY.

Excuſe me, Ha! ha! ha! Lord, if I don't delight in you, you're ſo jocobus.

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir; as my wife Juggy ſays, you're quite jocobus; Ha! ha! ha! But I'm to equip you with a ſuit. I'll cut a meaſure. Juggy, the parchment.

CRUMPY.

Parchment! you'll not put me into a lawſuit? Ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! you courtiers, Ha! ha! ha! Do you know, Sir, I'd try to be one myſelf; that's—in the ſmall way.

CRUMPY.

What, like me?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir; only I'm ſo much afraid I might have my head chopp'd off. Ha! ha! ha!

CRUMPY.

Oh, ho! maſter taylor, you've an eye to your upper button. Ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Right, Sir. Ha! ha! ha!

CRUMPY.

I tell you I was all right 'till put wrong, by accident, when an infant. I was the prettieſt, plumpeſt little rogue—why I was named the Bloſſom of Beauty, and Bud of Delight.

JUGGY,

Lord! how odd!

CRUMPY.

I was an abſolute cherry on the tree.

CROSS-LEG.

Then the birds have been pecking at you a good deal, Sir?

CRUMPY.

But one unlucky day, my mother's maid, ſtarting upon the ſudden ſight of her ſweetheart, ſtruck out my firſt two teeth with my coral; ſlapp'd one of the bells into this left eye; knock'd me off the nurſery-table, and, breaking my back, made me—regardez—l'effet—*(ſhewing his hunch)*

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

CRUMPY.

Ay, you may laugh; but this hunch props my fortune at court; but, Ha! ha! ha! Do you know, that by the help of a ſecond looking-glaſs, I often ſtand and laugh at it myſelf!

JUGGY.

Ha! ha! ha! Yes, Sir; and in the front glaſs, you, and your hunch peeping over, muſt look the picture of the ape and her brat in the fable. Ha! ha! ha!

CRUMPY.

Ay; but if it even griev'd me—there's a noſe, what ſay you to that feature? *(takes hold of it)* So much beauty before—I reflect that with my hunch—I leave all my ſorrows behind me—*(all laugh)* and then there's a leg. *(puts it up)*

CROSS-LEG.

So it is, Sir. Look, Juggy, his honour ſtands upon a moſt fine turn'd pedeſtal—

JUGGY.

A beautiful calf!

CRUMPY.

For all this, I'll lay the price of my new ſuit of cloaths, I ſhew as good a leg in company as this.

CROSS-LEG.

Oh, no, Sir! No, no; you don't!

CRUMPY.

(Puts up his other) That's as good. Gad I've won! They're fellows, and good fellows too. Ha! ha! ha!

JUGGY.

Very handſome—beautiful—

(*admiring, then turns*)

CROSS-LEG.

(*Apart to Juggy*) Did you ever ſee ſuch a bandy raſcal? but he's a great man, and we muſt flatter him.

JUGGY.

But I proteſt, huſband, I will wait no longer for Abſalom and Dora; our little ſupper will be quite ſpoil'd; and ſince you have invited this gentleman, and prevented his getting a better elſewhere, if he will condeſcend to partake of our homely meal—

CROSS-LEG.

It's certainly very bold of ſuch lowly folks as us to expect that his highneſs, the Baſſa's chief favourite, would humble himſelf to—

JUGGY.

Hold your tongue, for here's the ſupper.

CROSS-LEG.

Supper!—then I'll ſtop my mouth.

ENTER BOY, WITH A DISH OF FISH, &c. WHICH HE PLACES ON THE TABLE.

[*Exit.*

JUGGY.

It's as pretty a little bit—Come, pray, Sir, make free; you know, if fiſh gets cold—

CROSS-LEG.

It's a nice morſel!—Juggy, help the gentleman, and hold your clack.

CRUMPY.

Why, faith, you ſeem to live very comfortable here —and your morſel does look ſo nicely tempting— Egad, I will. (*they all ſet*)

JUGGY.

Do, pray, Sir; we had this prepar'd for a young couple.

CROSS-LEG.

Ay; by their ſtay father Anſelm has brought them in to ſup with his brethren in their refectory; thoſe holy fathers, Sir, love to live well.

CRUMPY.

If it's holy to live well, this is the moſt pious diſh I ever taſted. (*eating*)

JUGGY.

Then do, Sir, pray eat heartily?

CROSS-LEG.

Juggy, fill a glaſs—Sir,

(*Juggy fills, and offers a glaſs to Crumpy*)

CRUMPY.

Why, right; fiſh ſhould ſwim three times; water, ſauce, and wine. (*all laugh and drink*) As I'm Mahometan I'm forbid wine; but when I'm amongſt you Chriſtians—Ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Right, Sir; at Rome do as Rome does.

JUGGY.

(*Helping Crumpy*) That's a neat morſel, Sir.

CRUMPY.

I'll taſte it with attention. (*all laugh*)

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! Sir! I don't wonder at the Baſſa putting you nto offi ce, or giving you a fine penſion—I'd do juſt the ſame

ſame ; and I think you'd do ſo by me. You might get a body a ſkirt of ſomething pretty at court though ?

JUGGY.

Will you never ha'done with your bodies and ſkirts ? Always ſhewing the taylor !

CROSS-LEG.

won't. (*apart to Juggy*) My wife, Sir, is as ſharp as a needle ; but, Sir, as I was ſaying, what a place would I give ſuch a witty gentleman as you, was I a Beglarbeg, or a Walachian deſpot, I'd give you the fineſt place—

CRUMPY.

I believe you are a Holland ſtadtholder, for you've given me a very fine Dutch plaice ; (*all laugh*) but I muſt try to kick up ſome frolick here to night, to make out a joke for the Baſſa, that bill (*ſlipping a paper into Croſs-Leg's pocket*) ſets the taylor and Zebede by the ears, that's ſome miſchief (*aſide*)

CROSS-LEG.

Aye, now you talk of us Chriſtians, Mr. Crumpy, as you are ſuch a great man at court, if you'd only uſe your intereſt to get this cruel new law againſt us repeal'd—

CRUMPY.

New law, what ! Oh ! true the proclamation. Oh ! oh ! Now I have it. (*aſide*)

JUGGY.

Sir, that's what made my good man at firſt ſo much afraid of aſking you in.

CROSS-LEG.

For, Sir, if you ſhould, which is impoſſible, be affronted, or receive the ſmalleſt hurt under this poor Chriſtian roof, what wou'd become of me and my dear orthodox ſpouſy ?

CRUMPY.

Eh! this promiſes a joke (*aſide*)

CROSS-LEG.

This fiſh is very ſweet, but it has a great many bones!

CRUMPY.

Bones; a good hint (*aſide*)—and ſo you were afraid if any thing ſhould happen to me in your houſe, 'twould bring you into the clutches of the Cadi, and his bailiffs and terrible catchpoles (*eats greedily*)

JUGGY.

That we were, Sir.

CRUMPY.

As you ſay, this fiſh is very ſweet, but it has a damn'd deal of bones indeed; and as I have a curs'd narrow ſwallow—Egad! I muſt take care—

JUGGY.

Pray do, Sir; but don't ſpoil your meal.

CROSS-LEG.

I was ſaying, Sir; this ſeverity to us is rather hard; for, was I the Baſſa of Bagdad (*Crumpy eating greedily, throws himſelf into violent contortion, ſtares and gapes*)

JUGGY.

You ſee how you get yourſelf laugh'd at, with your Beglarbegs and Baſhaw, you noodle (*to Croſs-Leg.*

CROSS-LEG.

Now, Sir, am I a noodle?

CRUMPY.

Cluck!—Cluck!—

(*grimaces, and points to his throat*)

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Ay, Sir, laugh; for ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at it myſelf, ha! ha! ha! and yet, Sir, if you look into hiſtory, as unlikely things have happen'd.

JUGGY.

I vow, huſband, your folly makes the gentleman laugh ſo, that he can't eat—

CROSS-LEG.

Why, Sir, now recollect pray, wasn't the Grand Vizier to Mahomet the Second a cobler?—And the great Prince Menzikoff was a paſtry-cook.

CRUMPY.

(Grimacing).

JUGGY.

Entertaining gentlemen with coblers and paſtry-cooks.

CRUMPY.

Cluck!—Cluck!—(*grimaces*)

CROSS-LEG.

Ha! ha! ha! Well, Sir, to be ſure it was a good joke, ha! ha! ha! and I'm glad it makes you ſo merry; but if I'm not allow'd to be a Baſhaw, don't let us have our fiſh cold (*Crumpy grimaces*)

JUGGY.

Why, huſband, you're ſo very ridiculous, that I vow to heaven, if you have n't ſet the gentleman into convulſions, laughing at you! Do pray, Sir, eat your ſupper, and never mind him. (*Crumpy grimaces*)

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! well, Sir, with ſubmiſſion to your great wit and grand quality—yet for a man to be laugh'd at, at one's own table, tho' one's poor!—

JUGGY.

CRUMPY.

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JUGGY.

JUGGY.

Why ſure the gentleman can't ſpeak! (*looking at Crumpy with terror*) I've heard ſay, a fit of laughing is as bad as a fit of crying—Eh!—Oh, Lord! huſband, ſomething's the matter! Do, Sir, take a glaſs of wine!

CROSS-LEG.

No, then I will—Sir, your health (*drinks*) which of us now is the laugh againſt? Ha! ha! ha!

JUGGY.

(*Alarmed*) Mercy!—(*Crumpy points to his throat*) the fiſh!—a bone ſtuck in his throat—hit him on the back. (*ſhe hits him*)

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! wife, you'll knock his hump off, and then he'll loſe his place at court (*filling wine*)

JUGGY.

Will you let the bottle alone, and do ſomething—

CROSS-LEG.

Oh! very well! but I thought I could not do better—

JUGGY.

Dear Sir, have you finiſh'd your ſupper?

(*Crumpy groans*)

CROSS-LEG.

No; but his ſupper has finiſh'd him!

JUGGY.

Yes, he's choak'd!

CROSS-LEG.

In our houſe!—a Mahometan!—then we ſhall be choak'd!

JUGGY.

Oh dear! good Sir,—if you can't ſpeak, do tell us?

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Wife, be quiet, (*puts his ear to Crumpy*) he's quiet! —not only a Muſſulman, but the Baſſa's prime favourite!—if he's found dead in our houſe, you and I are thrown over a croſs ſtick and hang'd like a pair of breeches.

JUGGY.

He's dead!

CROSS-LEG.

As Adam, the firſt taylor.

JUGGY.

Ah? (*ſcreams*)

CROSS-LEG.

The devil!—have you a mind to bring the Janizary's patrol upon us?

JUGGY.

This comes of your peeping in the ſtreets at night —you can't ſit to your ſupper without muſic, and be curs'd to your fine ears!

CROSS-LEG.

I'll try ſome wine down his gullet.

JUGGY.

We were happy and well, and you cou'dn't quietly wait for Abſalom and Dora, but you muſt bring your great turbans, and your Crumpy's and Humpy's in upon us.

CROSS-LEG.

I think ſtill there's liſe—Abſalom's a barber, if he was come, he ſhould bleed him!—Stay, I'll cut open a vein with my ſhears.

JUGGY.

Do.

CRUMPY.

(*Groans*)

CROSS-LEG.

Was that you, Juggy?

JUGGY.

JUGGY.

No; you devil! 'twas the man you kill'd—you wou'd ask a Turk to eat fish of a Friday, and then talk of bleeding him with your shears.

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! I'd bleed him with a pick-axe, if it could bring him to life (*Crumpy makes a noise*)

JUGGY.

Did you hear? Tim, suppose you try to thrust the bone down with a horn spoon.

CROSS-LEG.

No; I'll put it up with these nut-crackers—but hold, we may squeeze out the little life he has left—Juggy, my dear, do you step down stairs, and open the street door softly, Doctor Quinquina's house is not six doors off: if his soul has not got out of hearing, the Doctor may whistle it back again: listen; is the street clear?

JUGGY.

Yes; there's a moon tho'.

CROSS-LEG.

Our side of the way, to the Doctor's, is all in the shadow, I'll take Crumpy on my back (*takes him up*) Come along, you most ugly son of a broken back!—I wish my back had been broke before I had ask'd you up my stairs.

JUGGY.

A pretty thing, that honest women must go to market to buy fish for you to choak yourself with; you most abominable freight! (*shakes him by the whisker, one comes off in her hand*)

CROSS-LEG.

Zounds! Have you pluck'd off his eye-brow? By the Lord she'll pull him to pieces before I can get him off my back! [*Exit Juggy.*

This little Turk is not as big as half a Christian, and yet he is as heavy as two popes. Oh, dear!

[*Exit with Crumpy.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

THE STREET BEFORE CROSS-LEG'S HOUSE.

(MOON LIGHT) ENTER JUGGY AT THE DOOR.

JUGGY.

Nobody in the way; and if there ſhould, what will become of us? Will you make haſte, you Tim Croſs-Leg!

ENTER CROSS-LEG (STUMBLING) WITH CRUMPY ON HIS BACK.

CROSS-LEG.

Now, Juggy, you will leave your pattens in the entry.

JUGGY.

Come, quick!

CROSS-LEG.

Any one in the ſtreet?—If the patrol catches us!

JUGGY.

Stop! Is not that a watchman's ſtaff ſticking out?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes; keep back (*frightened*)—Oh! no; it's only a barber's pole.

JUGGY.

Do you think there's any life?

CROSS-LEG.

Hold your tongue. Give juſt one knock at the Doctor's door. (*She knocks a great deal*)—What the devil do you want to alarm the town?

JUGGY.

Lord, how I tremble! I've given five knocks inſtead of one!

CROSS-EGL

CROSS-LEG.

If this ſame doctor cures him, why then he'll be well —may be—and if he kills him, it's only another death added to the doctor's liſt; and I ſhift the danger off my ſhoulders (*it darkens*) that cloud comes acroſs the moon rarely.

DOMINIQUE.

(*Within,*) Who's ther? (*they ſtart*)

CROSS-LEG.

It's only Dominique the doctor's manwife. Do you anſwer?

JUGGY.

Can't you?

CROSS-LEG.

Anſwer, I tell you.

JUGGY.

Indeed I ſhan't.

CROSS-LEG.

And I'm ſure I won't then.

DOMINIQUE.

Who's there? (*very loud*)

BOTH.

It's I! (*much terrify'd*)

DOMINIQUE.

And who are you knocking at peoples doors at night? Go along, or I'll call the patrol.

CROSS-LEG.

Oh, Lord!

JUGGY.

I tell you Tim Croſs-Leg, fling Mr. Crumpy down, and let us run away!

(*The door opens ſuddenly, Doctor Quinquina and Dominique ruſh out*)

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Qui eſt la, Who is dat? You, Dominique, ſtand here. I ſay, who are you? It's ſo dark I cannot know any man's face!

CROSS-LEG.

I'm glad of that; I'll darken my voice too.

DOCTOR.

Speak what you want, or I'll knock your viſage (*laying hold of Dominique*)

DOMINIQUE.

Lord, Sir, it is I! Here is the man.

(*preſents Juggy*)

JUGGY.

Here, Sir; here is the man (*points to Croſs-Leg*)

CROSS-LEG.

An't pleaſe you, maſter Doctor, I and my mother here—

JUGGY.

Mother—Sirrah!—upon my word (*apart*)

CROSS-LEG.

She's a midwife, Sir, and having been call'd up to a poor woman that was ſuddenly taken ill, I thought I'd ſee her ſafe—ſo coming along, ſhe deſired me—Billy, ſays ſhe, what is that leaning againſt that there poſteſs? I directly went to look—for I'm a very dutiful boy—an't I mammy?

DOCTOR.

Diable! Vat you call me out in de cold ſtreet chattering about you and your mammy (*going in enrag'd*)

CROSS-LEG.

But, Sir, I've brought you a patient—and he brings you a fee.

DOCTOR.

You are de patient vid de fee; dat is quite anoder ting!

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman—

(*points to Crumpy*)

DOCTOR.

Sacre Dieu! vat is dat?

(*looks close up at Crumpy and ſtarts*)

JUGGY.

Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman we ſaw leaning; he ſeem'd to have been taken ill—

CROSS-LEG.

And knowing you to be a doctor—

DOCTOR.

C'eſt vrai—dat all de town knows—I'm a very great doctor—

CROSS LEG.

Finding him ſo bad, we brought him to you in hopes—

DOCTOR.

Ventre Bleau! you tink I am to take into my houſe all de bad vagabond you pick out of the ſtreet? Allez—bring him to the vatch-houſe for to-night, and in de morning dey will ſend him to de hoſpital—take de man from my door!

JUGGY.

Lord, Sir, he's no man but a gentleman.

CROSS-LEG.

Noble Sir, only look cloſe at him; his fine cloaths prove he's ſome very great perſonage.

DOCTOR.

Eh! bygar his coat do ſhine vid gold!

(*looking at Crumpy*)

CROSS-LEG.

Yes, Sir, if the lining agrees with the outſide, he may turn out a good patient!

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

I vil never turn out a good patient; bring de gentleman in, I vil cure him in half of tree minutes.

CROSS-LEG.

Move him gently, there—take care of his leg, Juggy.

DOCTOR.

Oui, take care of his jug, legge! (*goes in and ſpeaks*) You, Dominique, aſſiſt to help the gentleman up to my laboratory.

(*Croſs-Leg and Juggy put Crumpy in and ſhut the door*)

CROSS-LEG.

Good doctor, there you have him; and now, kill or cure him as you can—Come Juggy.

JUGGY.

Run for it (*drums and Turkiſh march without*)

PATROL.

(*Without*) The twelfth hour; all's well.

JUGGY.

Get in! (*they go in*)

CROSS-LEG.

(*Peeping out at the door*) All's well!

(*Croſs-Leg ſhuts the door*)

SCENE IV.

DOCTOR'S STUDY, WITH BOOKS, PHIALS AND ANATOMICAL SUBJECTS.

ENTER DORA.

DORA.

Lud! I've got into ſtep-father's ſtudy, ſorrounded by his horrid ſkeletons near one!—then no chance of the ſtreet door being open'd again to-night—How ſhall I get out! perhaps my Abſalom and Habby are waiting for me. (*liſtens*) The Doctor's up! ſure ſomebody's

come in below—ſince I have got my jewels (*ſhews a caſket*)—I muſt only watch patiently for the firſt opening of the hall door.

DOCTOR.

Bring him up (*without*)

DORA.

Oh, Lord!—they've been robbing the church-yard!

DOCTOR.

(*Without*) Help my patient up here.

DORA.

No! it's not a dead man!

DOCTOR.

Quick, you Dominique, then lock the ſtreet door.

DORA.

Then I muſt be quick and firſt get out, if I can (*ſtands behind the door*)

ENTER DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Help the gentilhomme up to my laboratory (*very buſy*) Here! place him in my own eaſy grand chaiſe (*places an elbow chair*) We will ſee what we cannot do for him. Come, depechez vous, Dominique.

ENTER DOMINIQUE, (DOCTOR TURNS SUDDENLY AND LAYS HOLD OF HIM)

DOCTOR.

Sit you down, Sir. (*thruſts Dominique into the chair, and feels his pulſe without looking at him*) Ah! you're much malade! very bad!

DOMINIQUE.

Not I, Sir! I'm very well.

DOCTOR.

Diable! What, Dominique! Get you out of my grand chaiſe (*Dominique riſes*) What you mean?—— Where is the ſick gentleman, my patient?

DOMINIQUE.

DOMINIQUE.

Patiently waiting below, Sir.

DOCTOR.

And vy you and de midwife no bring him up, Sire!

DOMINIQUE.

Lord, Sir! the midwife and her ſon Billy are gone—they flung the gentleman into the hall, ſlap'd the door, and run away.

DORA.

(*Aſide*) Then the door's not lock'd yet!

DOCTOR.

Dey are rogues!—dey have firſt pick'd his pocket—if ſo, he can't pay me my fee; but he ſeems nobleſſe from his gold coat, ſo I will cure him at a venture—Sir, vil you pleaſe to walk up? (*calls*) He's weak—Dominique, you go aſſiſt him. [*Exit Dom.*] I vil hold de light for you myſelf; I am not too proud for dat. (*takes a candle and exit.*)

DORA.

Now is my time to get out before the door is faſten'd for the night.

DOCTOR.

Dominique, bring the gentilhomme up gently. You ſee you muſt carry him—don't knock his head vid de banniſters—he is very weak—ah! pauvre?—very well?—bien!—ſoftly!—up vid him—ah, hah!—— (*Doctor walks in backwards with the candle, and ſtill looking towards the door*) Dere, now he is ſafe, and vel up—ſet him on his leg on de landing—Comment vous portez vous, Monſieur? (*bowing at the door*) Ay, he cannot talk, he is ſo weak;—lift him up, and bring him in, ſet him gently—

DOMINIQUE.

(*Without*) Lord, if he hasn't a hunch!

DOCTOR.

Ciel!—'tis Mr. Crumpy the Baſſa's favourite, Little

Hunch-Back, joker! Mon dieu! if I cure him it will make my fortune at court, tol, lol, lol, (*ſings and capers*) take care you, Dominique, don't hurt his hump! How do you do, Sir?

(*making a bow towards the door*)

DORA.

Now for it—(*ſhe blows out the candle in the Doctor's hand and exit haſtily. A noiſe heard of tumbling down ſtairs*)

DOMINIQUE.

(*Without*) Oh, Lord!

ENTER DOMINIQUE (FRIGHTENED)

DOCTOR.

Sacre Dieu!—Vat is dat?

DOMINIQUE.

Huſh! don't make a noiſe, Sir; who or whatever that is, it has tumbled the ſick gentleman from the top of the ſtairs to the bottom.—Yes; it has certainly kill'd him!

DOCTOR.

Kill'd de man dead!—Ah! malheureux, den I've loſt my fee! We muſt inſtantly ſend his dead body to the court (*going*)

DOMINIQUE.

Hold Sir!—Do you forget the proclamation againſt the Chriſtians?—ſo ſevere that they're getting out of the city as faſt as they can carry off their effects. Why, Sir, if his dead body is found here—

DOCTOR.

C'eſt vrai, 'twill be ſaid I did kill him! I ſhall be hang'd; and my head will undergo amputation—I am miſerable!—but vat was dat, that did do dis?

DOMINIQUE.

Lord, Sir! no time for enquiry now—the only thing to think of now is to ſave our lives, by getting rid of Mr. Crumpy's ſoul caſe.

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

En verite, 'twould vex me to be hang'd for killing ſuch an ugly coquin, if it was even me dat did kill him, it would be ſome comfort—ah, ha!—I have conceive grand toughts (*brightens up*) Dominique, we muſt get dis Monſieur Crumpy out of my houſe, and I have tink of de way to put him into ſomebody elſe's houſe. Get me a rope, dat is all I vant, and den run up ſtairs and open de ſky-light window dat goes out to de leads a-top of my houſe—

DOMINIQUE.

Suppoſe, Sir, you feel his pulſe?

DOCTOR.

Feel a dead man's pulſe! Ah, Hébeté! Quick, do my command (*going*)—Stop! (*he turns*)—I will go up myſelf and open de ſky-light window, while you get de rope.

DOMINIQUE.

I don't know where to find a rope.

DOCTOR.

Den if you don't, de hangman vil find a rope for you and me, allez, depechez vous. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

A ROOM AT THE TOP OF ZEBEDE'S HOUSE, A TABLE, ACCOMPT BOOKS, CHESTS, STRONG BOXES, &c.

ENTER HABBY.

HABBY.

So, Abſalom and Dora, with their booty from uncle and ſtep father, I have left ſafe on board the Engliſh ſloop—my coming back takes all ſuſpicion from me; and I'll pick up ſomething for myſelf too, and then for Europe with the younkers—Egad, old maſter Zebede, we have already made a rare haul upon your chests

Hunch-Back, joker! Mon dieu! if I cure him it will make my fortune at court, tol, lol, lol, (*ſings and capers*) take care you, Dominique, don't hurt his hump! How do you do, Sir?

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(*Without*) Oh, Lord!

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cheſts and bags here, that will teach you to beat your clerks as you've done me.

ZEBEDE.

(*Without*) Up another ſtory.

HABBY.

Zounds! here he comes to ſee what I've done to his books.

ENTER ZEBEDE, AND CROSS-LEG.

ZEBEDE.

Aye, this garret is my compting-houſe, ha! ha! ha!

CROSS-LEG.

Up in the clouds, like my workſhop!

ZEBEDE.

Now your buſineſs?

CROSS-LEG.

Private.

ZEBEDE.

Habby, go down! (*he's going*) Oh, ſtop!—Have you put all my accounts into confuſion, to puzzle my maſter, the Baſſa, if he ſhould look over them.

(*apart to Habby*)

HABBY.

Yes, Sir; you'll find all here in a very fine confuſion. [*Exit.*

CROSS-LEG.

How this draft of Crumpy's came into my pocket I don't know! except it was to pay for his ſupper—however, if the Jew here will but give me caſh, I'll have made a good night's job of it. (*aſide*)

ZEBEDE.

An unſeaſonable hour for you to call!

CROSS-LEG.

I thought money never came out of ſeaſon with a Jew; diſcount that bill (*gives it*)

ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

I have no objection—that is, for the premium—Why this is payable to Mr. Crumpy? Oh, he has ſent you for the monies?

CROSS-LEG.

Yes—I'm plaguy bad at a lie; I wiſh my wife had come (*aſide*)

ZEBEDE.

But where is Little Hunch back himſelf?

CROSS-LEG.

(*Confus'd*) He's—I—I—ſuppoſe he's at home. By this the Doctor has made an otomy of him (*aſide*)

ZEBEDE.

Eh! (*examining the bill*)

CROSS-LEG.

I'm all on the tenters! But even if Crumpy's death ſhould be found out, I ſhall now have money to carry me to Europe with the other Chriſtians, that are getting from the Baſſa's perſecution (*aſide*)

ZEBEDE.

'Tis a good bill, but I ſuſpect not come honeſtly by; and I cou'd ſtop you and it, but as you are a neighbour I will pay you the whole money, if you give me half.

CROSS-LEG.

(*Aſide*) I'm found out—why man—did you think I'd wrong—(*embarras'd*)

ZEBEDE.

Huſh! Hunch-Back is a damn'd little impudent ſcoundrel—it's nothing to me if any body has robb'd, or even cut his windpipe.

CROSS-LEG.

I choak him! or know any thing at all of his death—Oh, Lord! what do you go to ſay that for? (*terrify'd*)

ZEBEDE.

(*Calmly*) Why, is he dead?

CROSS-LEG.

CROSS-LEG.

Why, if he—how ſhould I know whether he's dead or alive? You've a bad conſcience, Mr. Zebede, that's what makes you ſo frighten'd as you are. *(endeavouring to conceal his perturbation)*

ZEBEDE.

Me!—why ſhould I be frighten'd?

CROSS-LEG.

And why ſhould I, if you go to that?

ZEBEDE.

Why, what the devil are you at?—one wou'd think you had been concern'd in——

CROSS-LEG.

Every body knows that I'm a man—that—deſpiſes all that kind of—what ſort of—unlucky diſmal looking place to bring a man into.

ZEBEDE.

Diſmal!—*(looks round)* Be quiet, you're enough to make one afraid, indeed, *(with fear)*

CROSS-LEG.

Oh, Lord! *(aſide)* *(a brick falls down the chimney)* What do you do that for?—None of your tricks.

ZEBEDE.

Gad, I'm in no humour for tricks! *(frighten'd)*

CROSS-LEG.

Mr. Crumpy may be dead for what I know; but if he thinks I had any hand in it, I'd tell him he lyed—aye, to his very whiſkers.

(Crumpy is let down the chimney)

ZEBEDE.

What's that! *(looking at Crumpy)*

(Croſs-Leg ſneaks off.)

ZEBEDE.

(Falls on his face) Are you the devil, or the cat?—but what could bring puſs in a pair of gold breeches—

it

it is certainly the—Oh! Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor!—Oh! don't ſtare ſo with your big bull's eyes, and your wide mouth like a maiden jay (*Crumpy ſtoops his body*) Oh! you are very polite—Eh! he looks—if it ſhould be a live man he's a robber! I'll drag this great cheſt of plate and dollars out of this room—I wiſh I had Habby here to help me, it's ſo heavy (*lays hold of the cheſt with both hands, and putting his ſtrength to it as if expecting great weight, ſuddenly falling on his back, he pulls it over him*) Oh! death of Iſrael!—the cheſt is ſo light it muſt be quite empty! (*Crumpy bows*) What, you know that, you damn'd thief (*riſes haſtily, opens the lid of the cheſt, and looks in it*) Yes, my money and plate is all gone, and you've come down my chimney for more, you drop gibbet!—but I will defend my property, if you were Bel and the Dragon (*ſtrikes Crumpy, who falls*) you banditti!—bandeliro!—you Arab, plunderer of caravans; come before the Cadi, ſpeak—Eh!—he's dead!—bleſs me!—if it ſhould be I that has kill'd him—a hunch! ſave me, if it isn't Mr. Crumpy himſelf only come down my chimney to play his jeſts upon me—or if it ſhould be he that did rob my cheſt, the Baſſa will never believe me—he's dead!—Oh! heavens! now I recollect the proclamation againſt the Jews! If this is found out, it is certain death for me; and as I'm already in diſgrace—nobody ſaw me ſtrike him—few people in the ſtreets, and ſo near morning, the watch are gone off their ſtands—you naſty little beaſt!—you was my plague when alive, and now you muſt throw your death upon me with your gambols (*feels Crumpy*) he is yet warm—but once he's out of my houſe, let him die or live! Come on my back, and the devil take your hump. [*Exit, with Crumpy on his back.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

THE STREET. (DAY BREAK)

(ZEBEDE DISCOVERED PLACING CRUMPY UP AGAINST A WALL)

ENTER CRANK AND CABIN-BOY.

(CRANK ELEVATED WITH WINE)

CRANK.

(Sings) "God save great George our King"—the Chriſtian paſſengers are waiting in my ſloop—they'll find brandy enough in my lockers to amuſe them—tell them we will fall down the pool this tide.

[*Exit boy.*

Theſe pippin-ſqueezers to break up company, we never begin to cotton together and be jolly till it comes to the little hours *(ſings)* tol! lol! lol!

"How can we depart,
"When friendſhip has grappled each man by the heart."

ZEBEDE.

There, ſtand or tumble down for Zebede—good morning to you, Mr. Crumpy—(*going*)

CRANK.

Holloa!—ſtop!

ZEBEDE.

Yes; there he ſtops for you. [*Exit Zeb.*

CRANK.

Take one bottle with me—you won't—a pint—a gill—then you're a ſneaking raſcal!—ſo that's your Bagdad Scanderoon manners. I wiſh I was back again in Old England—What a damn'd country this is, that I can't get one honeſt fellow to take a bottle with me.

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

Cluck!—Cluck!

CRANK.

Who's that? (*turns and looks at Crumpy*)—a very capital Turk, upon my honour! How do you do, Sir? (*bows*) You might make a leg, I don't expect you'll take off your hat, becauſe you have none—will you do me the favour to take a glaſs with me, or I muſt turn into my hammock—Eh! what d'ye ſay?—Oh! I know you're not allow'd wine—none of your winking! —over the way they have the niceſt liquor—how he licks his lips (*aſide*) but come along—Eh! you may give a civil anſwer though—damme! who minds your grinning or grunting? Very proud—but the Grand Turk himſelf needn't be aſham'd to talk to a Briton. Heark-ye, my lad, if you intend to affront me, damme if I don't lend you a dowſe o'the chops (*ſtrikes him down*) riſe and ſtand up to me, an Engliſhman ſcorns to ſtrike a fall'n enemy.

ENTER CADI AND JANIZARIES.

CADI.

Seize him!

CRANK.

Will you drink a bottle with me?

CADI.

Yonder's his Highneſs the Baſſa himſelf coming from the moſque.

ENTER THE BASSA (ATTENDED)

ENTER BABOUC, ZEBEDE, DOCTOR, CROSS-LEG, AND JUGGY, FOLLOWED BY A CROWD, &c.

BASSA.

The matter here?

CADI.

Pleaſe your Highneſs this Chriſtian has kill'd a Muſſulman!

BASSA.

Heavens! it's Hunch-Back *(looks down on him attentively, and with great concern)*

CROSS-LEG.

How I tremble!—if he finds out 'twas I—Oh! cruel man (*to Crank*) How could you be so wicked as to take his life?

JUGGY.

(Apart to Cross-Leg) Don't go near the body, or it will bleed afresh!

DOCTOR.

Nobody suspect 'twas I did kill him. I am so frighten'd (*aside*)

ZEBEDE.

I have got his murder off my shoulders mighty lucky! (*aside* What a wicked man you must be to kill my dear little friend!

BASSA.

What proof, that this is the murderer?

CRANK.

Please your worship—Mr.—my Lord Mayor—I confess I did give this pretty little gentleman a dowse, but if it did kill 'twas in my own defence.

BASSA.

How?

CRANK.

CRANK.

I can't drink alone—he wou'dn't drink with me—I ſhould die without drinking—ſo let your jury of twelve bring it in manſlaughter.

BASSA.

(*Apart to Baboue*) I've thought of a method to come at the truth of this matter. Whoever kill'd him, inſtead of puniſhment ſhall hav a reward. This buffoon was once my favourite, but growing moſt intolerably ſtupid, I've long wiſhed him out of my way. Give the Briton a purſe of a thouſand tomilees.

CRANK.

If I've kill'd a man I cou'd weep for it; but the price of blood ſhall never ſtain this hand (*throws the purſe down on the ground*)

ZEBEDE.

I cou'd cry myſelf for poor Crumpy—but give me the purſe, for finding you wanted to get rid of him, to oblige your Highneſs, 'twas I that kill'd him.

DOCTOR.

You! Begar, it was I dat did de murder him, to pleaſe you, my Lord, vid von grande kick of my fiſt I did give him de fine knock, a tumble down my tree pair of ſtair; and den I did drop his body down your chimney—ſo give de money—

CROSS-LEG.

To me (*holds out his hand*) for with a fiſh bone, at my houſe, I gave him the fatal Cluck!—Cluck! (*mimicks*)—and that I might be ſure of his being kill'd, I brought him to the Doctor's.

JUGGY.

Aye; but who went to the market to buy that fiſh? My Lord, on the word of a woman, 'twas I that put the very bone on his plate that ſtuck in his throttle!—

BASSA.

So the reward has extorted a confeſſion I wanted, and convicted you all of intentional murder from your own lips—Guards, ſeize them—In reality his death grieves me, and the man that extracts the bone, and reſtores the life of my poor favourite, ſhall have the purſe I promis'd.

CRUMPY.

Then that man am I *(puts his hand to his mouth and takes out the bone)* lay the caſh here *(holds out his other hand, ſprings up, ſings and capers)*

BASSA.

What is this! *(amaz'd)*

CRUMPY.

A frolick; ha! ha! ha!—I've ſuffer'd this delicate little body of mine to be lug'd, thumpt, jumbled and tumbled all night, only to make a laugh for you this morning—and if you don't laugh, egad, you may be cram'd into chimnies, and kick'd down ſtairs yourſelf in future for Crumpy!

ZEBEDE.

What!

DOCTOR.

Comment!

CROSS-LEG.

Juggy!—*(Crumpy grimaces to them as he appear'd when choak'd)*

BASSA.

BASSA.

Why, by Mahomet, it has been a laughable night's frolick indeed!—but all, but the honeſt Engliſhman, whoſe truth was above hope of reward or fear of puniſhment, ſhall die.

CRUMPY.

I Sieur Crumpy, Lord Chief Juſtice Joker, ſwear upon my hunch and honour, that nobody ſhall die, except Zebede the Jew, Quinquina the Doctor, Croſs-Leg the Taylor, and Dame Juggy his orthodox ſpouſy.

ENTER OFFICER AND GUARDS, WITH ABSALOM, DORA, AND OTHER CHRISTIANS PRISONERS.

OFFICER.

My Lord, we took theſe ſuſpected Chriſtians, with thoſe rich goods, on board.

(*ſhewing bales, caſkets, &c.*)

CRANK.

My ſloop, a breach of the peace with England, my Lord!

CRUMPY.

A truce!

BASSA.

(*To Abſalom*) What, my preſerver flying from my favour!

ABSALOM.

ABSALOM.

I fear'd, Sir, I ſhould forfeit that, by turning Chriſtian, and, converted by Dora, here I—

ZEBEDE.

(*Looks at the caſkets*) You began your Chriſtianity by robbing your uncle—juſtice, my Lord, on this—

CRUMPY.

Stop; well remembered!—the barber and I here have yet two promiſes to claim; one is, that you'll give the purſe to the generous Engliſhman, to give to me when I refuſe next to drink with him—the other, that you'll repeal the law againſt the Chriſtians—and the other—

BASSA.

What three?

CRUMPY.

Be quiet—this is the beſt of all—that you'll hang Zebede and the Doctor, if they don't give their conſent and capital fortunes to this worthy young couple.

BASSA.

Preſuming on my friend, the Vizier's favour, I'll grant them.

CRUMPY.

CRUMPY.

I grant you ſhou'd—Chriſtians, Turks, Jews, my ſeeming death has prov'd my kind maſter wou'd mourn my worthleſs life! and when I ceaſe to wiſh my Prince may live long and merrily, may I be choak'd with a whalebone.

All noble chops in princely Bagdad,
Have often my poor frolicks wag'd at;
Still your's the laugh, and mine the thump,
So you're ſtill pleas'd with Little Crump.

FINIS.

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